

Barry Manilow, Real Live Girl

Pardon me miss
But I've never done this
With a real live girl
What could be harmful
In holding an armful
Of a real live girl

Pardon me if you're affectionate squeeze
Fogs up my goggles and
Buckles my knees
I'm simply down in the sight, and the sounds,
And the scent and the feel
Of a real live girl
Nothing can beat getting swept off your feet
By a real live girl
Dreams of you but don't compare with a hunk
Of a real live girl

Girl's were to girlish
Was once my belief
Whata reversal and what a relief
I'll take the flowering hat
And the towering hill
And the squeal of a real live girl
I've seen photographs and fax similies
That have set my heart off in a whirl
But I over look everyone in the book
For a real live girl
Take your verneccion or romanapreccion
Ideal live girl

Go be a hold out for Helen of Troy
I am a healthy American Boy
And I rather gape at the dear little shape of the stir
And the kill of a real live girl
Full time, occasional all operational girl